

on the right of the road were the 10th N. H. These were the anxious to try their new Spencer, and as the rebel pickets made the best shot they could, the racket on the skirmish-line was at times simply "immense."

But there was no staying the march of our line. In short, the hunt on the skirmish-line

and though they were crowded back through the heavy timber and brush at a swinging gait, the 96th seemed to catch the contagion of fun and closed up to see it, so that at times the regiment was within 10 rods or less of the skirmish-line. I saw a cup of hot coffee from the first fire, and heard him yell to Johnny just skipping into the brush a few rods ahead. "Here, you d—d Johnny, come back and blow this coffee!"

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PAPA'S JACKET.

A Touching Story of the War and After.

BY E. A. DUREY, BROOKLYN, N. Y.

"Three fifty-dollar bills, and no way to send them home to Dolly. Oh, if I could only see her just for a moment. And my baby boy! Oh, how I want to see him! If she is thinking of me," thought Bill Durey, of Co. F, 5th N. Y. (Durey's Zouaves), the evening preceding the second battle of Bull Run. He was a young man, tall, slender, and well built, and his cheeks were flushed with the excitement of the day. He was sitting on a bench, looking out over the field of battle, and his mind was wandering to his home and his loved ones.

He then wrote upon a scrap of paper the following:

My dear Dolly, I have just received the blessing of a loving husband and father by delivering it to Mrs. Dolly Durey. I am, N. Y. W. D. Co. 5th N. Y. (Durey's Zouaves).

He then wrapped it around the three 50's, cut off a piece of his leggings, sewed them in it, and then sewed the whole on the inside of his shirt. "There, he said, when he had finished, 'if I am spared I know where they are; if I am not, in time some one may find them—and Dolly will know, God bless her!'

"Hello, Billy! What are you looking so glum about? One would think you had lost your best friend!" It was his old friend Jack H.—who spoke.

"To tell the truth, Jack, I have got the blues to-night."

"Oh, don't give way to anything of that kind, Billy. I know you can't help it. I have been thinking of Dolly and the baby."

"Well, I don't blame you, Billy, for she is worth thinking of. Billy, we both courted Dolly, but you won her, and let me tell you why. I was a poor fellow, and you were a rich one. Dolly, she said, 'I don't want to marry a poor fellow, I want to marry a rich one.'"

"Thank you, my boy. You have lifted a great load from my heart. I have a great love for Dolly, and I have a great love for the baby. I have a great love for the baby, and I have a great love for the baby."

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Dolly untied the bundle, and as the jacket rolled over to her view, her cheeks blanched. "Great Heavens! A Zouave's jacket. Whose is it? I wonder? He said there was a letter in it. She felt there; no letter. 'Whose can it be?' Oh, I know. Some one of the boys has sent it, thinking I could make it over for Clara; how thoughtful. Well, dear, you shall have a new jacket for Christmas; and as she examined it she said to herself, 'It is not much worse. Here is a hole in the side of it, and the braid is a little faded. Yes, Clara, go to bed and mamma will try and make you a nice little jacket.'

After tucking him snugly away, she began her loving task. She first ripped off the bright braid; then she took the arms out; then began ripping the lining. She had not gone far when she came in contact with a piece of brown leather. She examined it and found it was sewed to the lining. To rip it loose was the work of a moment. As she held it in her hand, she exclaimed, 'Why, what can it be?'

When she had opened it, what did her eyes behold? Three 50's bills and a scrap of paper. "What does this mean? Does Harry know about it? I am sure he does. I am dreaming? My husband's signature! Oh, can it be?"

She went to the next room and called, 'Mrs. Jarvis, do come in; I don't know if I am in your way, but I must see you. I am rich! And this note, read it; I am all of a tremble.'

Mrs. Jarvis did as directed, and Billy's letter was read. After the widow had partly read her, Mrs. Jarvis congratulated her on her good fortune.

Dolly hardly closed her eyes that night, so anxious was she for the morning. She went over in her mind the things which she intended to purchase. She would roll over and kiss Clara in her joy, exclaiming, 'I am rich! I am rich! and Clara shall have a new jacket for Christmas. And to think, dear Billy's money will buy it!'

The next day Dolly, Mrs. Jarvis and Clara might have been seen in a clothing store, selecting a jacket. She bought several things that she needed, and returned home looking very happy. As she stepped her boy in her arms she murmured: 'What a merry Christmas to-morrow, dear! And to think that it all comes from your dear papa. But while we are rejoicing over the birth of the blessed Saviour, let us think of the poor and needy multitudes. 'Gloria to God in the highest, peace on earth, good will to men.'

Christmas day Dolly had invited Mr. Jarvis to dine with her; Harry also came, with his wife, and was surprised of the good luck. They had hardly finished when a knock was heard. Dolly answered it.

"Good day, sir."

"Dolly, don't you know me?"

"Dolly!" exclaimed Dolly.

"Yes, Jack H.—I have come to wish you a merry Christmas; and I welcome it!"

"I welcome you, dear girl; indeed you are. Harry, don't you know Jack H.—, of Co. F?"

"Why, Jack, old boy, how are you, and where have you been?"

After the greetings each one told the story of the past—Jack of the letter Dolly had not received and Jim's negligence in forwarding the Zouave jacket, and all up to the present. Before Jack had finished there had been something of a row, and Dolly seemed very happy. Three months afterward you might have seen a gentleman and lady and a little early-headed boy on a train bound West. Do you want to know to whom they were? Well, they were Dolly, Billy Dolly, and little Clara, whose Christmas coat was to have been made out of 'Papa's Jacket.'

See Comrade Taylor's adv. on page 5.

THE Treatment of Union Prisoners.

EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE: I was a prisoner in the old tobacco factory at Richmond in the Fall of 1861, and went with 500 others under the infamous Wirz to Tusculum, Ala. What I want to call attention to is the difference in the treatment of prisoners at the beginning compared with what it was in the last part of the war, as I was again captured at Spotsylvania May 10, 1864. The prisoners at Tusculum were fairly well treated, as is proved by the low death rate. We lost but one or two of the number in the whole time we were there, from November to February. Compare the death rate with the same number in Andersonville, where 10,000 died, and it is as evident that the difference was very great.

I venture to say that of any given 100 men would exceed that of the 500. To my knowledge, the only rebel doctor who was tending the sick at Andersonville, he made this excuse: 'You-uns have us blockaded, so we cannot get medicine even on our own sick, and we can't help ourselves.'

"Well, Doctor," I said, "you must admit that you have plenty of food, if nothing else, and one of the main reasons for the condition of this camp is because our food, such as it is, is better than the food of the rebels. I have seen men eat it raw. How long can you expect us to live on such fare?"

"Well," was his reply. "I see no reason why there is not all the food that is needed, for we have plenty of that, and we will make a complaint to the proper officers."

This was all the good it did, for there was no improvement. The men continued to go into long, and the sick continued to die. They were made into small bands, and they were sold for 10 cents each to help out the supply that was issued to us; and this in the midst of bloody forests—N. B. EASTON, Sergeant, Co. E, 30th Ind., Co. Iowa.

See Comrade Taylor's adv. on page 5.

ORANGE COURT-HOUSE.

THE Adventures of Some Cavalrymen at that Place.

AT MILLER PRISON.

Some Recollections of an Ohio Cavalryman.

BY GEO. A. SMITH, CO. H, 7TH OHIO CAV., WHITPLE, O.

In considering the five different prisons in which I was confined, I give Miller the preference. The lay of the ground was the best, the water was good, and the banks of the creek were solid. The rations issued to us were an improvement over those at Andersonville. The food was finer and better, but it was entirely inefficient in quantity, and we did not receive any salt to season it. On several occasions fresh beef was dealt out to us, and each time the ex-

citement created among those that had not tasted fresh meat for weeks and months was wonderful. At first the meat was rich in fat, and the heads of cattle killed for the use of the guards. Several wagon loads of these were brought in and distributed among us. We were divided into hundreds, each commanded by a Sergeant. Ten "hundreds" constituted a division, at the head of which was also a Sergeant. The rations were two beef heads for each hundred. Each day you could see the Sergeants coming, carrying the heads by the horns, and the men following a